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No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

[From the Philadelphia ' City Stem. '] THE SONG OF DANDELIONS.

> (After Walt Whitman ) BY BARBAGA THABAB.

I am going to write something gorgeous.
 And you will believe every word I say.
 Because I write what I have seen and heard and

And the same things also you have seen and heard and smelt.

 I go out in the garden-where the cats sing.
 I turn up a tub, and sit on its bottom . . . . . watching a dandelion. a I smell shad fish frying . . . . the smell enters my

linhale the savory odor, and cherish it as carnal frangipanni; Its perfume enslaves the senses, but the dandelion

4. I believe this dandelion is a brass button on the livery of Spring;
And yet it is not, for nature is never servile, abject.

flung v or livery-wearing. She is her own ser-

vant.

She is her own master. In the circle there is no end, neither can I find a beginning.

On which account I watch the motes in the sunboam, and listen to a hydrant running in the

Then I am conscious that it is Saturday.

Brooms nervously fly here, there, over brick pave

ments, Little brown gaiter-boots with high heels daintily tripover hose pipes looking like water-snakes.

5. These water-snakes dip their noses in buckets and gurgle Their life-blood into them. Look ont, here comes

a Niagara
Swash, the little gaiter-boots are soaking, and
where a moment ago there was joy and warmth,

Now I see that which has been since all time,

6. I am the poet of joy and jollity and light-heart-Hang you, do you think I will how! for a cracker?

I know they are putting down Canton matting.

There will be hot weather here before long, and then how cool and pleasant, the shaded draw-Sitting in the armchair, and listening to the street

Watermelons, peaches, here they go. 7. Sophocles and President Tyler never minded thes

things.

Neither did Elias Hicks or Aspasia:

Neither did Elias Hicks or Aspasia:

Who said they did? the voices of many builfrogs are required to drown the roar of the lion.

My motto is Two-Thirty, and those who feel they can't go that pace I lift up and take them

With me in my light trotting-wagon. Clear-the-track.

8. I have great faith in muscle, but I also require A pinch of snuff will separate two bulldogs in a fight.

nght. Riches perish ; relations die ; kingdoms are laid waste : But the memory of a great mind is imperishable

Homer makes heroes while Milo makes brutes. 9. Come here and sit down by me on the boftom of

tion

Regard that dandelion. You tell me it looks like
a bran new twenty-dollar gold-piece.

And that a few thousand of those would make

for the Winter time.

do unto him
we same is a Brick: I give him my hand, and
e shall sit with me on the bottom of the tub and
sing the song of Dandelions.

# A WALK WITH CARLYLE.

"You will be very welcome to me to-morrow at two o'clock, the hour when I become accessible in my gar-The turning up of the above laconic and characteristic note among some private papers-to Carlyle's 'Miscellaneous Works'—sets me upon a litterateurs as a dozen years ago, he still ranks among the score of leading minds in our era. As but few of our countrymen ever see the brawny philosopher face to face, I hastened to accept his cordial appointmen the muddy Thames-in what was once the environs of London, but like Chelsen in New York, the growing but a district of the Great Metropolis. Turning into in the older portions of the city. Entering the int of stout John Knox), and conducted to the 'garret but such a garret! In the days of Johnson and Sav age it would have been deemed a sumptuous apart ment for a quill-driver; and poor Oliver Goldsmit would have danced for joy over the ownership of a tidy and spacious a sanctum. It was wonderfully wel sidering that there were books to the iron-gray head of the philosopher. Starting up from his chair, he greeted me with a bluff heartiness, and

life-long student of three-score years and five.

poet of Cambridge, whom he pronounced a "man well troublesome colony as New Amsterdam. Adam Ro skilled in the toongues." He then fell into a talk, landsen had not a pedagogic charge of great extent about America, a land to which he had been often in-States than in Britain, and that the author of so many chough to clear the head of the pedagogue, and a closen feet each way in extent. our republic. "Ah," said he, "you may talk as much as you like about your democracy or ony other cracy, or ony sort 'o political roobish; the true secret of the hoppiness in America is that ye have get a vast deal of land for very few people." He was not far from the truth. Abundant land and abundant labor for the masses give happy homes and full stomachs; and with free schools and free libles, why should not such a nation thrive?—And a large share of the social evils of Great Britain have grown out of her enormously overcrowded population.

MANABATTA.

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city, and behold! here is the aboriginal name to city, and behold! here is the aboriginal name to city, and should here in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient, see that the word of my city, is that word up there, liquid here is the aboriginal name to city, and behold! here is the aboriginal name to city, and what there is name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient, see that the word of my city, and there is the aboriginal name to city, and what there is name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient

After a delightful chat over his study-table, Carlyle seized his hat and cane, and proposed to walk toward Hyde Park, a quarter in which he had to meet an engagement presently. We sallied out into the air loaded with bituminous clouds from the "eld town," and Carlyle, brandishing his cane before him, exclaimed, How I like to mount a horse, and push out in the The teeth of the wind beyond this Lunnon coal-smoke! irth and merriment, oxyasionally breaking into a loud laugh that might be heard across the street. told him that I had just come from the Land of Burns This set him upon a glowing reminiscence of the Ayr shire bard; and he told me that when a little boy he used to creep over into the churchyard of Dumfries, The Su and find the poet's tomb, and sit and read the simple inscription by the hour. "There it was," said lie. in the midst of poor artisans and labor-folk-the it was, that na Carlyle repeated the name several times to himself with solemn reverence. And as he did so I could see the striking picture of the little farmer boy of Ecclefechan stealing up to the grave of poor Robie, the peasant bard, and there fill peasant bard, and there filling those deep gray eyes full with tears as he repeated to himself the 'Cotter's Saturday Night, and joined in the poet's prayer

At that Dumfries grave-side must have been kindles At that Dumfries grave-side must have been kindled the inspiration which afterwards produced, through the pages of The Edinburg Review, the noblest tribute ever paid to the memory of Burns. When I informed him that the old man who once showed the poet's birth-place, but, kills medium; who every out who called, Carlyle burst into loud laughter at the ludical control of the poet's beautiful to the poet's birth-place. erous idea of such a martyrdom. "Weel," said be a very wee bit drap will sometime send a mon very long way." There was the essence of a good mperance speech in that brief sentence.

In the course of our conversation Carlyle from your name you must be a Dootchman. has gone crazy," he said, "over a certain red rag else does so." of a Frenchman, but no exploits of Bonaparte can compare with those Dootchmen who stood out the of the world's displeasure. I could run and jump, or siege of Leyden. When Philip sent the Duke of Alva dance through the woods, making them vocal with the to squelch them, he joost got like squelched himself joyons, carcless laughter of childhood; or lie in the like a rotten egg. Ah! those Dootch were the bravest grassy fields with the gay flowers, growing into a sym-

people that ever leeved." who had followed the plow—and the first street-lamps were being lighted when we shook hands and parted. As I watched his manly figure moving away, I looked made to feel that the soiling of a dr role independence of thought and speech, of his keen the birds, or my faithful dog—for these were the principal into the human soul, of his honest contempt of all shams and varnished falsehoods; yet I could not I was called a queer child, and I do not think-I was wisdom for the broken cisterns of German neology.

proud, and haughty. The littleness, the selfishne Carlyle is the most original writer of the age in forms
the want of a free and natural expression of the down of existing evil systems, but he rears nothing in their steat. Increasing the same tastes wanting in great and drink of life eternal." Useful as such a man may be in exposing falsehoods in philosophy or fallscies in government, he never can have a place among the solid benefactors of the race—among the Bacons, the Howards, the Romillys, the Wilberforces, the Chalmerses, the Franklins, or even the Lord shaftesburys. Yet in the world of letters there is but one Thomas Carlyle. The man who rose from the cottage of an Ecclefechan laborer—who grew up in the school-that I was a De Courcy, and that the De Courcys were always peculiar and eccentric. My grandfather was an elastic wanting in great men; while I am more surprised at their want of free doin, spontaniety, and love of the natural and simple pleasures of truthfulness and earnestness.

These-tendencies of my childhood, which I still preserve, and the consequent choice of solitude in preference to the company of unsympathising and unconcentration. to the world, and introduced Germany to thousands still reside-

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS of the soil, apparently just from the plow, and slipped first schoolmaster of Manhattan Island, and his name of the soil, apparently just from the plow, and slipped into clean linen and broadcloth for the occasion of meeting a friend or going to church. With his crisp, should be remembered as that of the local tutelar saint of the book and the ferule. He came in other good short, gray hair, and his long black coat, whose collar invaded his ears, he recalled the figure of a good Methodiet parson who rode the circuit near our native town in days of yore. There was a world of latent heat in his gray eyes, which kindled up as he fired in conversition. A fine how and a furroward cheek marked the way and marken mechanic to the local tutelar saint of the local tutelar saint and who really seems to have been not only a thriv-ation. A fine brow and a furrowed cheek marked the ife-long student of three-score years and five.

The first inquiry was after Professor Longfellow, the

very well afford for such an out-of-the-way and evervited, and which he greatly desired to visit, but want charges from the schoolhouse-door on sunshiny mornof leisure and the dread of the sea had kept him back. I told him that he had more readers in the United schoolhouse itself was only of rough slabs, of height to guard his faith in man's perfectability from the rude

#### [From Walt Whitman's ' Leaves of Grass.'] MANAHATTA.

Numberless crowded streets—high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies: Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sun-

down.

The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, the larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers, well-modelled;

The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of businthe houses of business of the ship-merchants a
money-brokers—the river-streets,

clouds aloft,
Winter snows, the aleigh-bells—the broken ice in
the river, passing along, up or down, with the
flood-tide or elb-tide;
mechanics of the city, the masters, well-formed,
beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes;
ttoirs thronged—vehicles—Broadway—the women
the shoreed shorters of the control of the shoreed when the shoreed

Trottoirs thronged—vehicles—Broadway—the women—the shops and shows,
The parades, processions, bugles playing, flags flying, drums beating;
A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men;
The free city? no slaves! no owners of slaves!
The beautiful city! the city of hurried and sparkling waters! the city of spires and masta!
The city nested in bays! my city!
The city of such women, I am mad to be with them!
I will return after death to be with them!
The city of such young men, I swear I cannot live happy, without I often go talk, walk, eat, drink, sleep with them!

# THE WEDDING-RING.

girl. I know I was always a good deal of a romp. Thank Heaven, the natural impulses of childhood for free and vigorous exercise in the open air were never restrained in my case by the foolish constraints of vulgar propriety. My sports were never interrupted dykes. This started him into a grotesquely eloquent with the worse than senseless remark, 'Such a thing is "The world not proper for girls, or 'It is not respectable -no

If I wished to climb a tree, I did so without any feat pathy with them as we drew together our full of health and strength from the warm sun and fresh air; or peer strode on toward the Park-taking long steps like one up into the sky until my soul was full of the peace and quiet of its clear deep-blue.

I was never afraid of injuring my complexion, no ration of his brilliant learning and genius, of his he- joyment, or a wild romp and chase with the butterflies

tains of revealed grown people of my own age. I was said to be Carlyle is the most original writer of the age in forms.

Also the Autumn and then the Winter, when there is ice and things:

The dandelion will fade and the gold-pieces take wings.

We have the particular of their characters, kept me philosophy, no system of ethical or social reform—not thoughts, their feelings, and their characters, kept me philosophy, no system of ethical or social reform—not then, as now, from associating familiarly, because sympathy that the pathetically; with companions of my own age. It was gs.

Aghts are immortal. Lay up also thought does unto others as he would have others and the behilves of the chilminds in the philosophies and the sound faith of his dren whom I knew with the same fastes that I had native Scotland; he has exposed many popular abuses; Now I can understand it in their case. They were the he has written some magnificent biographical cosays; he has provoked an infinite amount of wholesome, healthy laughter—but he is the father of no grand the hencificent plan for making humanity the purer and the happier. His is not of the very highest order of tion, how can it be expected that children should come minds—the minds that contrive and create. He is an forth fresh and natural, unselfish and open to the gen acute critic of others, not a creator of what others crous impulses of childhood, or the free and uncon He is a herculean puller-s, but he rears nothing in But the wonder I felt at finding so few children with

my simple love of exercise and open air, I now feel at

of an Eccelerchan interfer—uningrew up in the sensor by intimacy of Edward Irving—who produced with the same pen the elegant essay on Burna and the barbarous compound of learning and fun, styled "Sartor Resartus"—who wrote the unsurpassed biographics of Schiller and of Sterling—who has vindicated Cromwell bought a large tract of land—near the city where I

who knew not the giants of Teutonic blood—who has depicted Luther with the pen of a diamond—and has spread out the horrors of the French Revolution over his roods of terror-illuminated canvas—such a man has left a legacy already which will be a 'arigua to uri,'—a 'possession for ever more 'to all the lovers of the heroic and the beautiful.

—The Leoder says that the first schoolmaster who ever wielded the ferule in New York came here in April, 1633, on board the good ship Southery, from Holland, in company with stately old Exercatus Bogardus, the dominie who married Annike Jans, and owned in jointly with her a goodly portion of worldly wealth, which afterward came down to Trinity Church in conjugation of the service of the lawnit. Adam Roelandson (or Rolandson) was the lawnit. Adam Roelandson (or Rolandson) was the lawnit. Adam Roelandson (or Rolandson) was the lawnit and careful in a state of perfect sections.

I which afterward came down to Trinity Church in conjugation of the control of the perfect sections.

I which afterward came down to Trinity Church in conjugation of the control of the contr

society, as he could have been in England. The pride seciety, as he could have been in Engiand. The pride of success is as tyrannical as that of birth, and a great deal less refined. The noble equality of noble-minded men, is perhaps less realized in a society, where a mean and almost universal worldly-ambition engenders so prolific a crop of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, than where the distinctions of social rank are freely recognised, and their claims are capable of undeniable proof. And beside, fifty years ago England was more aristocratic than it is now. The middle-class had not since learned. And the same thing was true of our own country. We had declared the truth of a principle, but it had not yet become an integral part of our daily lives. It was therefore wise in my grandfather shocks of contact with an imperfect world: to count in secret his pearls of hope and faith, rather than to subject himself to the certainty of seeing them tram-pled under foot, and himself rent, had he cast them before the swine of a society as yet unsettled, and in that state of transition, which however promising when considered philosophically, is in actual contact ppearance of settled stability.

My grandmother I never saw, but the portrait I re my grandmother I never saw, but the portrait I re-member of her, was that of a sweetly-gracious face, a spotless lace-cup, and a rich crimson-velvet dress. It was a portrait painted by Copley, and though it had some of the hardness of his style, yet still the original ture. She died soon after coming to this country

My father was the eldest of a family of three son

Any rather was the cities of a samely and two daughters.

His character will appear in these pages.

My mother was a New England woman, one of that practical and metaphysical people. It would seem as though a hard, ungraceful, rigid religion of duty, although a hard, ungraceful, rigid religion to the contract the second se ticism, but could not indulge in them gracefully of ed upon it by its practical daily faith. A Puritan pressed upon it by its practical unity in love, or attempting to partake of any joy and uncalculating natural emotion, reminds n and uncalculating natural emotion, reminds me always
of a soldier in a ball-room. He can't shake off the con

My mother had a great deal of this rigid and un-graceful devotion to duty, which would render life a perpetual sacrifice, rather than a constant joyful, aong of praise. But she was earnestly sincere, and furthe than that a tender-hea than that a tenuer-nearted woman: virtues which na-ture indignantly denies any human dogmatism the the power to destroy. She was also as rigidly just as she was exacting, and as she required others to walk the hard path of duty, she herself never strayed away adows on either side. She was of the stu that the Puritan martyrs were made of. A nature that was equally fitted to become Quaker-burners and witch

her character, and a devotedly-tender love for her pictures were a Saint Jerome by Durer, which had belonged to my mother, and a Saint Marguerite from Raphael, which had been my father's. The Saint wasted by fasting and self-imposed penances for the sups of being a man and living a life in the world

He had therefore retired to a horrid deserted cavern, and with nothing to remind him of the world but by thus attempting to destroy his humanity, fit him-self for a spiritual existence. The only result as far as self for a spiritual existence. The only result as far as I could see, was that be had made himself a very ugly

My father's picture was the Saint Margnerite, that beautiful, fair young woman, walking calmly and se-renely over the horrid dragon of sin and death, armed only with a sheaf of palm and her own purity and in-

When I was a child, these pictures seemed to me to my father to hang them thus together. Had the one been his own, and the other his wife's youthful dream of the life which should become entwined with and them; and why he was always so tender and kind to my mother when after some difference of opinion or feeling, he had sat an hour silently before them.

carried into his private study, which opened from his

To these two pictures I had added a print of Durer's Melancholy, that wise and sad picture of an intellec-tual life in mediæval Christianity: these three were all the pictures in my study until my husband gave me a copy of Raphael's Triumph of Galatea: that happy, joyous picture of natural, physical life, to serve, he

and without any further restraint than its own sense

elect my own course of action, were fully granted at the same time.

I was a very young child, when one night the wished to carry me off to bed. I was interested in semething, and wanted to remain down stairs. My nurse insisted, tried to force me, and I struggled and

with complaints, as I had no one to blame but mysel

From that time forward my mother never interfer in my management, and I was left entirely under my father's direction. The course of treatment he adopt-ed with me, strengthened my instinctive aversion and resistance to all coercion. I would not do a thing because the world, or any member of it, required my so doing. I felt the instinct of a wild bird caged, to dash myself against the bars of law, or duty, or vention, that would circumscribe my free and jolife. Freedom and liberty are generally thought to mean only a license in wrong-doing. Man being urally corrupt, his tendencies are naturally evil.

This may be true of men, though I don't believe it rue of women. I never had a desire to do what I thought was wrong, which was not created and foster ed in my heart by some prohibition or constraint of

human invention. If human nature was created evil, God would be ever pronounced it good. In the most abandoned creatures of my sex-and charity and love for them as women have led me to see a great many-I never and a single one who did not with justice lay the plame of her degradation to other cause had not a hope of some natural happiness, which should at some time come to her. Often it was low,

My remembrance of my childhood is not very disfather gave me of my responsibility, stand out clear in

nean and base according to the world's ideas, but it

was always the best that her birth, her position and

strained me in my selection of books from his rich library, a great part of which had been brought over nd by my grandfather. It was my father's belief that the unconscious purity of childhood would aturally reject any evil there might be in a book, and could assimilate only the good in its mental growth

By means of this wise freedom, I early acquired a ove for old English literature, and had read much that now considered coarse and vulgar, before I knew that there was anything objectionable in it. I was charmed with the healthy natural feelings of the old for I knew that only as such motives of action be criters. They were natural men and women, rather came habitual, could any one hope to walk, with peace than conventional ladies and gentlemen. The taste I ful screnity, through this world. ever grateful to my father for the wise freedom be al-

owed me in my reading.

I, of course, read a great many novels, and had formed an ideal of the perfect man a kind heaven had prepared for my husband. I was a girl of twenty, healthy and strong, accustomed to exercise, and able to study darking man into supposing mignic one. I would be supposed that the supposing mignic one. son of it was that young men were no great favorites

one of the long horse-back rides I was in the habit of I think that women are naturally mo Spring rains, it dashed along quite a formidable stream. ciple, high, lofty, sustained principle, have m our farm, it was crossed by a bridge.

past the bridge like a torrent. On my return from my ride, I saw quite a crowd col-

boat was rapidly circling. The country-boors upon the bridge stood gazing stupidly at the child's terror rol, and had asked to have his luggage brought from and peril, as men will gather any day to see a hanging.

or any raree show of suffering.

It was three days before he was strong or

"Well, I can't say," replied one of the men.

After my mother's death, he had these two pictures the rail: "as soon as the current sweeps the boat from no precedents for my behavior, either in my realing that whirlpool, it will bring it down to the bridge and or a down I can save the child."

> whole of his speech. There was no time to express my admiration of his calmness or his judgment for the lons with feeling. "For three days they have kept the boat was now sweeping down like light towards the from telling you, that though the life you saved we

"He'll be drowned, certain!" said another, as the lings of her hur

to leave the bridge and drive through it. Down this

mare Nancy for the whole of them together. She was the formal and complimentary vein, allow me as a woof my sex, had a feminine heart, and seemed to share man, to express my admiration for the cool decision of my sex, had a feminine heart, and seemed to share ther mistress feelings, as she plunged and strove with all her might to reach that floating body before its its danger; and by shaking your hand to express my its danger; and by shaking your hand to express my its danger; and by shaking your hand to express my

I cannot describe the strangeness of the feelings that whirled through my mind while I was carrying this perhaps lifeless body to the house. It was a novel praition for a young girl, but that never occurred to me. My mind alternated between an eager hope that he was still alive, and an impatient fear that I would be too

his wet black-hair hanging wildly over his deathly pale face—I could not but be struck with the manly strength nd grace of his clear-cut face.

Some of the persons upon the bridge had carried the galloped up to the door I found them all waiting to eccive me. The gentlemen of the family took posses-ion of the stranger, and I went to change my own wet clothes, and lie down to recover from the fatigue which, now that the danger and excitement was assed, overpowered me.

me some cordial, and after seeing me arefully in bed, left me to myself; and for two hours

I slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

When I awoke I thought over the whole experience Women are seldom human from principle. They are scribed by the constraints and conventiproprieties of their lives, that the sight of danger and peril generally makes them feel their helple more than the ties of a common humanity,—that they owe as well as require assistance. This I had often thought, and the day's experience recalled the train

It was but right for a man to risk his life to save a fellow-creature's; but if a woman did the same thing or did even as I had done, for I did not feel that I had risked my life,-I felt too sure of my good mare cy-from an impulse of common humanity, though the right-minded would appland her act, yet the conven tional-world would feel that she had ventured out of her sphere. Although a woman may treat this con father gave me of my responsibility, status out the my memory, from the even tenor of my life.

I passed my life in the open air, walking and riding this in my own gase, free as my own life and education had been from its vulgar, small-minded proprieties. work, though it may even be of disinterested charity almost always lose the fine edge of the womanly char is called a knowledge of the world.

I'do not mean to say that this must necessarily be the case: I felt that it would be my care and study to prevent it in my own; and that the best way would gested principles, rather than from impulsive feeling

This sudden danger of a human being whom I had never seen before, who had no claim upon me except the bond of a common humanity, by making me for-get my sex and my risk at the sight of his peril, at the bull-fights, show what women can do. Nor do taking. Our property was bounded on one side by a men. It is their education and position that makes small brook, which spread so as to form a sluggish them more timid, and the timid are always cruel pond at the back of our farm, though higher up its instances by the thousand can be cited, where person sanks were contracted, and when it was swollen by the al interest, or affection, and I am proud to say, prin About a quarter of a mile above the boundary line of men as nobly brave as Bayard, and as humanly-tender as Sidney. Whenever the sex comes, as come it will to act habitually from the principles of a high self-te-We had had copions and protracted Spring rains, to act habitually from the principles of a high self-iv-and when I crossed the bridge in the morning I noticed spect, rather than an observance of proprieties; ready the brook was greatly swelled, and roared and foamed to accept the trials and meet the responsibilities of life, we will have fewer charming bundles of affects

I enquired after the stranger, and learned lected on the bridge, and riding up saw they were looking at the imminent peril of a young child, who had was alive, but very weak, and that one of his legs gone into a boat to play, and had drifted out into the had been broken, probably by striking one of the supports of the bridge as he fell, or as he was swept by s, forced. The doctors had seen him, had set the bone, and pro-A curve in the bank, just where the child was, forced the current into a small whirlpool, around which the bounced that it was necessary for him to remain quiet

It was three days before he was strong en My face flushed. "Can nothing be done to save allowed to see me, though he had asked entrestly

It is common enough in novels to read of heroes who "Excuse me," said a young man, who had climbed save the lives of heroines, but the first interview with to the outside of the bridge, and stood holding on to a man whose life I had saved was new to me. I had,

that whirlprod, it will bring it down to the progression that whirlprod, it will bring it down to the progression of the property of the prope He kept his eyes fixed upon the beat during the manly, vigorous beauty. "Miss DeCourcy," he said in a rich voice, tremu

from telling you, that though the life you saved will bridge. As it passed under, the young man, with a be ever at your service, yet I feel that no gratitude quick and sure hand, grasped the child by the dress could be adequate to the obligation I owe you. and handed it to those upon the bridge.

To do so he had clambered down upon the pier, and ing: though, if I had not broken this miscrable leg. ood where it would seem impossible for a man to find I should have escaped with the wetting, and perhaps enjoyed the unexpected bath.

I was looking for him to reappear, when I heard a plash, and one of the men cried, "My God! he's fallen load of gratitude. Why should not a woman, equally with a man, enjoy the luxury of following the prompt "He'll be drowned, certain?" said another, as the ings of her humanity without being forever but crowd rushed to the other side of the bridge to see him with an overwhelming load of gratitude? ( how frankly, does not the consciousness that you Quickly rising in my stirrup, I gathered my long slightly mortifying, and does it not add greatly to the

"I frankly confess to you, that now you call m path I rode, and into the dashing water, urging my attention to it, I can trace to that fact the existence of horse after the black head that kept bobbing up and a feeling I could not before explain to myself. But down before me, exposing every now and then a pale as I see the rebuke you so gently give my sex for a face, apparently exhausted already with his vigorous foolish feeling toward your own, let me assure you. that while I shall never again show myself liable to Those coward, boors upon the bridge cheered me.

Bah! they would see the only man among them
drown, and aid a woman who sought to save him, only

respect from me as a man.

pect from me as a man."
"Thank you kindly," I said, "and as we are in thanks for the human feeling you showed am

aelfish, stupid men.
I held mine out to him, and he clasped it with a warmth and strength that showed there was a manly vigor in his, thought it was small, gracefully made, and

Forgotten it " I replied. child was as much as what I did for you, and yet how different you would think it, should I forget what I did CONCLEDED OF THE POLETE PAGE

# The Saturday Press Book-List. For the week ending June 9, 1960.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

ecasional Productions, Political, Diplomatic, and Mincellancous, in-ciuding among others, a glance at the Court and Government of Louis Philippe, and the Presch Revolution of 18th, while the Extraordinary and public the Court and Government of tary from the United Extraordinary and by the late Richard Rush Edited by the Executors. I vol. 8vo. New Geography: contaming a Oncine Text and Explanator, Notes, with over the Hundred Maps, for the use of Schools in the United States and Canada. By Reswell C. Smith, A.M., author of several School Books.

several School Books.

Memoranda Medica: or Notebook of Medical Principles; being concuse syllabus of Exology, Semesology, Nossiegy, General Pathology, and General Therapeutics. For the use of Students by Henry Hartshorne, M.D. Tilmo.

P. B. GLASS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, June 9, 1860. Locille. By Owen Meredith, author of The Wanderer, Clytemna tra. etc. 12mo, Blue and Gold. pp. 352. Boston: Ticknor Fields 1560.

[For The New York Saturday Press ]

BY ZELOTES R. BENNETT.

'Mid a wealth of green are born

THE SUMMER SHOWER

On this dewy Summer morn,

Sit I, gazing outward, outward

Through the lazy, hazy air,

Breathing in the fragrant incense

There is dew upon the meadows,

Kissing off the teeming nectar

And resplendent jewels dangle

Which the sunlight softly sips

From the daisy's pouting lips

Like the eyes of angels glist'ning

In the coming light of day.

On the breeze that rustles by,

O'er the yellow sand and pebbles

But the sun that opes the blosse

And that darkest hour vani

Scarce has touched the grassy lawn

Which precedes the coming dawn, Ere the drift-clouds gather slowly

In the agure realm of light,

Throw aside their robes of

And with sad and tearful whispers

Then I hear the rain-drops patter, As the cloudy pinions part,

As of spirit-fingers tapping
At the window of one's heart!

And the birds upon the branches

Sit I musing at the window,

Hide beneath the shelt'ring leaves

on the only garment

Dreaming of a form that haunts me,

And a treasured word repeating; When a sunbeam, like that stealing

Through the golden gates of even

Wipes away the tears that glistened

In the weeping eyes of heaven!

And the sunshine of the morrow

Brings oblivion of the dead !

As this sunny Summer shower, And in new joys that are dawning

We forget each tearful hour

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both for men and boys, is now ready, and in great variety.

sthatanding the well known superiority of our make e are prepared to sell at the lowest figures in the trad

All our sorrows are as fleeting

Thus I muse, my wild heart throbbing

And the world's awak'ning murmura Through the latticed window sigh

There are carols gaily floating

And I hear the quiet ripple

From the trees that skirt the way.

To my senses wafted there.

Where the honeysuckle bloss

Sit I at the open window

By Henry Hartshorne, M.D. 12mo.

Description of the Coins and Medals in the Cabinet Coll
the Mint of the United States. Prepared and arranged u
direction of James Ross Snowden, Director of the Mint.

The Life of Don John of Austria. By William The Cloister Life of Charles V.

course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom
pele of New Books. Perhaps Mr, Clapp, in his
exact REDAY PREOR, these most strengly by merely menthem in after area print. The title of a new book,
exactly type is a very reducible notice.—HARPER'S.

# NEW BOOKS.

#### AMERICAN. RÉLIGIOUS

History of the Church of Christ, in Chronological Tables. Synchro-historal View of the Events, Characteristics, and Culture of each period according the history of Podity, Wireship, Literature, and histories, long-ther with two Supplementary Tables upon the Church of America, etc., etc. By Ber. Prof. H. H. Smith, L.D. 1 vol. John. 36. (Scion) and Revised edition). New York:

4 Souther to not the Law of Honor applied to the Solution of the Problem. Why are so many more Women than Hen Christians? By the Rev. Philips Saughter, Review of Galway Church, empepper county, Va. With an Introduction, by A. F. Biedine, J. L. D., of the University of Virginia. 1 Sum. 50 cents. Philips delphia. J. B. Lippinicott & Co. Home and Callege. By F. D. Hentington, D.D. 18ma. 197–70 Cents. Ibston. 18mb., Nathols, Le. A. U.

A New Age for the New Charch, with some notice of the authority of Swedenshorg, and the curring pedgment upon all the earth by Worshory M. Ferned, author of teel in He Providence, etc. vvo. pp. 35. Licents. New York, New Church Publishing Americans.

the Sentronion of Rev. Wignam Morley Punction, to which is Profited, a Pien for I have mortially, and an introduction (including a Birgraphical Notice), by Rev. Win. H. Madearn. I vol. 12mo. \$1. New York: 1 Perhy a January.

### BIOGRAPHICAL.

n Laccoin of Illinois, Republican candidate for the Lacco 12ms Cloth, with Steel Portrait. \$1. h. paper covers. 25 cents. New York: A. B. Bur-

the appendix of paper views of the Ham Abraham Lincoln. With a Life and Police Services of the Ham Abraham Lincoln. With a Portrait on Seed. By D. W. Bartlett, Washington Correspondent of the 'N Y Post' and 'Independent' One handsome Pamer, at back. \$1. Pamphiet edition 25 cents. New York: Il Davido. HISTORICAL.

tory of Genghis Khan. By Jacob Abbott Himmated Title page and numerous Engravings. Idmo, muslin. 60 cents. Form ing the Twenty-seventh Volume of Abbott's Illustrated Histories New York: Harper & Brothers.

New York Barper & Brothers.

4 Genealogueal Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England, Securations and Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England, Securations of those who came before May, 1992, in the Lance Sarages Register. By James Sawage. Yols I. II. 8vo. B6 Beston Lattie, Brown & Co. The History of the Wars of New England with the Eastern Indians of, a Narrative of their continued Perfoly and Crue by from the John of August, 1793, to the Peace renewed 13th of July, 1713, and from the 25th of July, 1712, to their submission, 15th December, 1712, which was ratified Aug, 5, 1728. By Samuel Penhation, Eq. 4to, pp. 129. Cincinnati W. Dadge A Bistory of Lewis County, in the State of New York; from the beginning of its settlement to the present time. By Frankin B Hoogh, author of the Histories of St. Lawrence, Frankin, and Jefferson Counties, etc. 8vo. pp. 319. Albany Monaell & Rowland.

story of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. By Rev. Cal. n jurfee, 819, pp. 432, \$2. Boston, A. Williams & Co. History of the United States Vol. VIII. By George Bancroft Boston Title, Brown & Co.

danual the Corporation of the City of New York, for 1860. By D. T. dentine. 12mo. pp. 630. New York FICTION.

Wild Neil, the White Mountain Girl. By Mrs. H. G. Moore, author of The Golden Legary—a story of Life's Phases, Anna Cayton, or The Mother's Frial, etc. With a Fine Portrait engared on-teet by John Sartain. Illustrated with Engraved Plates. \$1. New York: Sheldon & C. argaret Moncrieffe, the First Love of Aaron Burr. An Hus-forical Novel. By Charles Burdett. 12mo \$1.25 New York Derby & Jackson MEDICAL

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policton's libustrated Handbook of American Travel. A Full and Betaluk Gorde by Basiwary Steamboat, and Suge to the Cline. Towns, Waterfalls, Battle fields, Boundams, Steven Lakes, Hunt. ong and Padung Grounds. Watering Padung Stevens, Basic Res., Hunt. ong and Padung Grounds. Watering Padung Resorts, and careful Maps of the Padung States and the British Provinces. By T. Addison Rechards. With acareful Maps of all parts of the country, and Pectures of farms, places, and scenes, from original drawings, by the author and other artists. In Two Parts. [New and revised edition.] Part I. Containing the Northern and Eastern States. 31. Part II. Containing the Southern and Western States. 35. Part III. Containing the Southern and Western States. 36. Part II. Parts bound together. 31 50. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

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he Handbook of Artillery for the service of the United States (Army and Militia). By Capt. Joseph Roberts, Fourth Regiment Artillery, United States Army. 1 vol. 18mo. Flexible cloth 75 vents. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

To cents. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

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## REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS. FICTION.

anesbury House. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 12mo, mushn. 60 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. The Signet Ring and other Gems. From the Dutch of Rev. J. in Liefds. 12mo. pp. 362. Bayton Godd & Lincoln. New York. Sheidon & Co. Hawksriew a Family History of our own Times. By Holme Lee, author of Agamst Wind and Tele, Sylvan Holt & Isunghter, Mande Talbot, etc., etc. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth. 51. New York: W. A. CHOICE FABRICS OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH

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The Physiology of Common Life By George Henry Lewes. Illus-trated with Engravings. 2 vals 12mo. \$2 New York D. Aunistin & Ch.

# BOOKS IN PRESS.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

A Life of Robert Peel. By Sir Lawrence Peel. W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., NEW YORK Maude Talbot. By Holme Lee. Gibert Massenger. By Holme Lee. Thorney Hall. By Holme Lee.

M. DOOLADY, NEW YORK. Lichen Tults, from the Alleghanies By Elizabeth C Wight. 1 vol. 12mo. Coch. 31. [June 15th.] Woods and Waters; or the Saranacs and Racket. By Alfred B. Street. Illustrated with Engravings on Wood. 1 vol. 12mo. Coch. 31 25. [Zarly in July].
An Account of the Island of Ceylon, Physical, Husiorscal, and Topographical. Hy Sar James Enerseon Tennent.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, PHILADELPHIA. The Medical Knowledge of Shakspeare. By John Charles B. M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, editor Journal of Mental Science, and author of The Manual of Jiogscal Medicine, etc. 1 vol., octavo.

Eurta' Manual of Church History. Translated and revised from the last German edition, with additions by an American editor We cherrid to the Manufacture of Vinegar Richardson's Mechanical Bentuary Richardson's Medical History and Treatment of the Teeth Lawrend's Bustle Practice.

Hayward's Dec ward's Dental Practice. Physician's Visiting List for 1861. E. P. DALTON & CO., BOSTON The Rock of Ages, or Scripture Testimony to the One Elernal God-Head of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Hoy Chout. By Edward Henry Bickersteth, M.A. With an introduction, by the Rev F D. Huntington, D.D.

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The Modern History of Universalism. By Thomas Whittemore, I The Crown of Thorns: a Token for the Sorrowing. By E. H. ( p.u., D.D. aford Franklin's Debates on Universa

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Salter on Asthms, its Pathology and Treatment. Harrison on Pathology and Treatment of Venere Kiwiich on Diseases of the Ovaries. Translates Layrork on Mind and Brain; with handsome if

# The N. Y. Saturday Press.

remaie Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson, author of Characteristics of Women, Memoirs of the Italian Painters, etc. The Final Memorials of Thomas Hood. Edited by his Sou and HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1860

#### CORRECTION

A note from Mrs. JULIETTE H. BRACH informs us that the

We are on the eve of a Presidential election. In other words, the two great parties are on the eve of another fight, to determine which shall have the privilege of plundering the country for the next four

Fields. 1860.

The Signet Ring and other Gems. From the Dutch of Rev. J. de Liefds. 12mo. pp. 362. Buston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Sermons, by Rev. William Morby Punshon. To which is prefixed A Ples for Class-meetings, and an Introduction by Rev. William H. Bilburn. 12mo. pp. 350. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860. ther calls itself Republican.

There is no Republicanism nor Democracy about ither of them, but that doesn't matter. A mask, now-a-days, is as good as a face. largaret Moncrieffe: the First Love of Aaron Burr. A Romance of the Revolution. With an Appendix containing the Latters of Colonel Burr to 'Kaie,' and 'Eliza,' and from 'Leonora,' etc. etc. With a factomile of the colebrated Cipher Letter and Key 12mo. pp. 437. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

The people rather be deceived than not. A real Republican or Democrat (not much of a thing at best), would be driven from the political arena as summarily as a real Christian would be driven from

The day for real things has not yet arrived. Men prefer shams.

The last President that we had who was good for

nything, was Andrew Jackson, and he was a tyrant. The best tyrant out. Just such a tyrant as we need now.

mment was one great wheel, and that a smasher. io it was; and accordingly he ruled the nation as a captain rules a ship, or a general rules an army. He When a delegation of New brooked no interference. When a delegation of New-York merchants called upon him to protest against one of his measures, he told them to go home and mind their own business. And he talked to Congress in the same way. The Whigs said he was more despotic than any sovereign in Europe. And so he was; or Asia either. And the people liked him for it; if he had been a Whig instead of a man, the Whigs would have liked him for it. But he had too much sense to be a Whig, or for that matter, a Democrat either. He was above all things, a soldier. And when you find a Democratic soldier, you will find a white blackbird

A truly Democratic Government would be a hell up on earth. "But." asks some thick-head. " haven't the majority a right to govern?" What a question! Of con they haven't. Try the majority-system, Messrs. Thick-head, in your families, in your countinghouses, in your factories, on your ships, on your railroads, in your armies, in your navies, or anywhere under heaven where it is vital that the thing to be done should be

is a humbug. In truth we all know it.

done well, or, in fact, be done at all. Let your raving democratic or republican editor try "and the ship did wonders. When men write their the majority-principle in his printing-office. Would to heaven he would; for there would straight be an weather has always been bad, and the ship has always

Simply this: the divine right of God to rule.

Through the man to whom is imparted the most wisdom. He alone can rule. Call him king, emperor, prince, autocrat, president, governor, or what not—he is the only man whom you can trust.

In all the other emergencies of life you do put your trust in the wisest man; whereas in government you put your faith, as a rule, in the foolishest man,—such

so many Hottentots

not likely to be essential.

There is certainly very little differe Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steam ship (ILASOW, for Liverpool, Saturday, June 9th, will close at 10% o'clock, A. M. ro great parties

en now in office-at home and abroad, -- must be re tained in office, whatever the result of an next election, and from that moment the Republican party would be as dead as a nit.

It requires all the spoils to keep any party alive. Washington just after the result of the election is known, and tell us if anywhere on the face of the earth can be witnessed so degrading a spectacle. Every hotel, every house, every street almost, cramme with hungry applicants for office; with able bodie nen,—men, moreover, of respectable appearance, nen with shirts and faces as clean as their souls a dirty, begging, like the abject mendicants they are for the smallest crumb that falls from the political

every part of the country, are at this moment wait ing with palpitating hearts to figure next year in just such a begging crowd! Hen who would sooner, an one of them, live on the smallest allowance of State

, than earn their thousands by useful labo And to think, too, that these men call them ocrats and Republicans! And not only that, bu ristians! For if they didn't smuggle Christi into the camp they might as well give up the ghost a

ruggle the chief object of which is to feed these con rants, we, of course, have no objection. Every on to his taste. For our own part, we heartily de

A political party based on the principle that the me ity have a right to govern, must necessarily pan the vices of the multitude, and in the end become

Look at the 'majority' in the city of New York. Go to the polls in the more populous quarters and ex-

Talk with them.

## One of the parties calls itself Democratic, and the THE WEST INDIES AND THE SPANISH MAIN.

Mr. Anthony Trollope has been travelling in the remote and facetious tropical localities indicated by the above-mentioned title; and, as a natural consequence, Mr. Anthony Trollope has written a book of travels.

In the recent controversy between sight and feeling in Art, Ruskin has seemed to be fighting very sturdily on both sides.

He is so impressed by imaginative work, that he is above-mentioned title; and, as a natural consequence, Mr. Anthony Trollope has written a book of travels. He is so impressed by imaginative work, that he is the so impressed by imaginative work, that he is be an artist of the most extraordinary powers. Madame tradity to forgive the extremest sin against form and the good ship Africa, during her passage from New York to Liverpool. His narrative comprises observable of Jamaica, Cuba, the Windward Islands. British Guiana, Barbados, Trinidad, St. Thomas, New Gasada, the Islamus of Panama, Central America, aggerate beyond recognition every feature of an Alpine should be an expectation. It is published in hardeen stell-was the solution of parameters of the surprise of most people he proved to be an artist of the most extraordinary powers. Madame to comprise of the most extraordinary powers. Madame to the surprise of most people he proved to be an artist of the most extraordinary powers. Madame to the surprise of most people he proved to be an artist of the most extraordinary powers. Madame to the most extraordinary powers. Madame to comprise of the most extraordinary powers. Madame to the surprise of most people he proved to be an artist of the most extraordinary powers. Madame to the most extraordinary powers. Madame to comprise the most extraordinary powers. Madame to the most extraordinary powers. It is not in the most people he proved to the surprise of most people he powers. Madame to the most extraordinary powers. Madame to the most extraordinary powers. It is not not the most extraordinary powers. It is so impressed by imaginative work, that he is so impressed by offends the hideous figures of the most extraordinary powers. It is so impressed to powers. Madame to the most extrao

a keen and intelligent vision. Still further, he has the taste and skill to record his observations of men and things in a felicitous and sprightly style. Accordingly his book differs from the current specimens of its class in that it possesses a vital, human interest, and is not calculated to persuade its readers to straws, ice-water, and a straight-jacket. To say this of a book of travels.

Yet is his very reprence for the creative habit, superne in its sphere, unteachable, unattainable by effort; he average discovered and a straight-jacket.

and a straight-jacket. To say this of a book of travels, it is saying a good deal.

As a general thing, people who write books do not a spfficiently realize the great truth that, as somebody is spfficiently realize the great truth that, as somebody is spfficiently realize the great truth that, as somebody is spfficiently realize the great truth that, as somebody is spfficiently realize the great truth that, as somebody is is expected to read them, it is rather important they should be made readable. But Mr. Trollope's practice is exceptional; and thus it happens that, besides being an excellent thing of its kind, his book is no less effective than subtle as a satire on the ordinary lucubrations of ordinary travellers. This fact he seems himself to have appreciated; for very often in the course of his narrative there occur sly little sarcasus in reference to to the mind of the festive critic.

Mr. Trollope records that he left Southampton in the good ship Atrato, on the 17th of November, 1859, and that he reached St. Thomas on the 2d of December following. "We had awfully bad weather," he says. the majority-principle in his printing office. Would to heaven he would; for there would straight be an end of all such printing-offices, and the world would once more draw a long breath.

Let your raving democratic President try the principle in his official home, and see how long the Whited Sepulchre would stand.

The divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the King to rule, were a long to the cooper, was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording the longer of the was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording to the longer of the was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording to the longer of the was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording to the longer of the was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording to the longer of the was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording to the longer of the was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording to the longer of the world would stand.

The divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the King to rule, were a longer of the world would stand.

The divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the King to rule, were a longer of the world would stand.

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The divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the King to rule, were a longer of the world would stand.

The divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the King to rule was worth going a sea-voyage for, and which is recording to the world would stand.

The divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the Church to rule, and the world would stand.

The divine right of the Church to rule, and the divine right of the church as a long to do; for he describes it, with the found stand.

The divine right of you substitute for this divine right of the majority to starched skirts of her muslin dress gave to her upright fest fact. rule?"

The rec eyes. Pink gloves were on her hands. 'That's for our criticism two levels of excellence: we admire the love, dear.' Yes, it shall be for love, for thee and presentation of fact, but we feel the grand employthine, if I can find that thou deservest it. What was it to me that she was as black as my boot, or that she had a black as my boot, or that she was as black as my boot, or th

had come to look after the ship's washing?" From St. Thomas Mr. Trollope went to Kingston, the seat of naval supremecy for Jamaica, and, as far as England is concerned, for the surrounding islands of feeling, and is content if they be unavoidably sugan one, for instance, as Franklin Pierce, or James and territories." His account of Kingston is not cal-Buchanan, neither of whom is fit to govern a henroost-If by chance you get a decent man at your head—a wasting affection for the place. According to the nar-Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Jackson,—he rative it is a little town by the seaside, with dirty washington, an Adams, a Jenericon, and a substituting for it an iron will of his own. Substituting for it an iron will of his own. hope for is some wily pettifogger, who has a flash Kingston. Of the island itself there is a more favor—thing and creature has its own life, name, talks big words about popular rights, and cares able judgment. "I have spoken in disparaging terms—not merely a sensible impression. of the chief town in Jamaica," says Mr. Trollope, is touched therefore, until the su "but I can atone for this by speaking in very high terms of the country. There is scenery in Jamaica who will presently parade their virtues before us and which almost equals that of Switzerland and the Tyrol; tes; but the difference between them is and there is also, which is more essential, a temperathe Jamaica planters. We participate in the little and object; it fails of entire success as repre joys, cares, and ceremonies of their everyday life. We wander in their orange-groves, amid their cocoanut trees, their mangoes, pears, and limes. We admire the clustering bamboo, the sugar-cane, and the beau tiful cotton-tree of their plantations tomary sports of shooting and fishing, and are altogether like country gentlemen at home in the sun

But not alone with the customary life and occupa tions of these people does Mr. Trollope make us a quainted. He discusses with equal intelligence and fidelity to details, the physical aspect of the Island, its products, its form of government, and the various races of men by which it is inhabited. His comment on the government is not very flattering, nor does he weep philanthropic tears over the Sables in bondage.

A single chapter of his book is devoted to Cula. He Church is a robust basty by no means inanim treating them, does it skillfuly and with produce." Of than in the parts; they never fail to convey the entire the contemplated annexation of Cuba to the United impression, whether more or less successful in efforts tes, he speaks with a discrimination and liberality to remarkable in an Englishman. He is of opinion that the transfer of Cuba from Spain to this Republic

In the eleventh chapter of his book, Mr. Trollope gives us an elegant dioramic picture of the Windward about Government.

All they know about anything.

And after that, tall us if you would trust them with the management of the most trifling affair in the world in which you took any interest. No. You wouldn't drust your dog with them.

If you did, you would have to advertise it the next day as 'Lost'.

And yet you propose that they shall elect your rulers and make your laws!

In the eleventh chapter of his book, Mr. Trollope gives us an elegant dioramic picture of the Windward or Caribbean Islands, which run down in a string from North to South, from the Virgin lales to the mouth of the Orinoco. These islands are Antigua, Guadaloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and Grenada, together with a few wouldn't drust your dog with them.

If you did, you would have to advertise it the next day as 'Lost'.

And yet you propose that they shall elect your rulers and make your laws!

In the eleventh chapter of his book, Mr. Trollope gives us an elegant dioramic picture of the Windward or the Windward or Caribbean Islands, which run down in a string trong them tone, when at last he had conquered the difficulty of tone, when at last he had conquered the difficulty of the Windward or Caribbean Islands, which run down in a string trong them tone, when at last he had conquered the difficulty of the Mondward or Caribbean Islands, which run down in a string trong them tone, when at last he had conquered the difficulty of the Mondward or Caribbean Islands, which run down in a string trong them tone, when at last he had conquered the difficulty of the Mondward or Caribbean Islands, which run down in a string trong tone, when at last he had conquered the difficulty of the Mondward and tone, when at last he had conquered the difficulty of the Mondward and the last to the most last he had conquered the difficulty of Caribbean Islands, which run down in a string trong the last he had conquered the difficulty o In the eleventh chapter of his book, Mr. Trollope

Would to Heaven that we could have a Vigilance Committee here to-morrow, and another at Washing-ton. For the Democratic idea has proved to be a dead failure, and the sooner, therefore, it is given up (as it must be, at any rate, in a few years) the better for the State, the better for the individual, the better for civilate the topology of the sound of this book. It may, however, be said with justice, in search of effects and brilliant in all his wanderings Mr. Trollope leaves nothing untouched which it is either useful or interesting to seriousness of regard.

The make of his details. It is enough if we have all trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides trolling, will only cultivate their reader some general ides. rative- he touches nothing which he does not adorn. IMITATION AGAIN.

General, the Isthmus of Panama, Central America, and the Bermudas. It is published in handsome style by Mesars. Harper & Brothers, of this city.

There was a certain life-force thrilling and anogher to expect that I never in my life have heard an operatic representation to compare with the one of last Monday pass. He especially recognizes the mystery and breadth of natural effect, in which detail is at once felt and evening. There was a certain life-force thrilling It is sufficiently apparent, as we think, that Mr. An- undefined; he has well illustrated the effect of focus through the whole, which refreshed one like drinking It is sufficiently apparent, as we think, that Mr. Anthony Trollope differs from the majority of travellers in several essential particulars. Among other things, it would seem that he looks about this world with his eyes open, and—what is still more extraordinary—with a keen and intelligent vision. Still further, he has the still the recognition of the choice of the still the recognition of the still further in the still s

narrative there occur sly little sarcasms in reference to eved from original feeling, must be inspiration, a ne-the usual tone of travellers, which are truly refreshing cossity of the artistic nature, not an artifice or fashion of the schools.

He spends his praise, therefore, on fidelity, though it be fidelity to dulness. He admires painting which is more painting mere definition, and photography; he squanders his superlatives on Brett's microscopic treatment of Alpine glacier, and takes no care to say on the spot that the utmost triumph of band and eye

of the perhaps, than any of us dream of) the people will find out.

The principal divine right of the majority is not to rule, but to be ruled.

"But what," ask the Thickheads again, "would graceful as those of Ryde or Brighton. The well-rule for this divine right of the majority of the majority is not to rule, but to be ruled.

"But what," ask the Thickheads again, "would graceful as those of Ryde or Brighton. The well-rule for this divine right of the majority of the majo

The reconciliation of his contradictions is found in Punck do what it will, has become so sightly to our a larger statement of principle. . We recognize in all our criticism two levels of circllence: we admire the

"The light that never was on sea or she

gested while attention is called not to them, but to a

render, not the quality of flesh, but of life : to convert not man to matter, but matter to p

But it is only by chance that, under your chaotic and far too hot to live in. Accepting this account, not live, or be so much as organized, without the soul. majority-rule, such a man turns up. Just now there are none of them left, and the best the nation can ful experience, we have no further enthusiasm about nature we never meet a body merely material. Every not live, or be so much as organized, without the soul.

The presentation of the body alone is not truth, for in not merely a sensible impression. Until imagination nothing is rightly seen or shown. A literal, cold-blood imitation of things has the value of a map, a dissection, a mathematical diagram. It helps the mind to fact, perhaps to law, but has no human or spiritual worth. If it pretends to be Art, the preten-sion is an offense. Art is no statement of facts, but ture among the mountains in which a European can spiritual worth. If it pretends to be Art, the pretending two comfortably." To Jamaica Mr. Trollope devotes sion is an offense. Art is no statement of facts, but eight chapters of his book. "I travelled over the great-communication of life. It gives us nature, not as a Each of them is kept together, as some one once said of the old Whig party. by the cohesive power of public plunder.

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Let it be understood the few competent only when, as in the 'Heart of the Andes,' it fails to present the scene as a single object, to regard the whole rather than the parts.

The best representation, if not poetry, is poetice There are innumerable degrees between the mere eye-sight of Brett and the loving perception of McEntee There are innur in his 'Melancholy Days.' We cannot fix the exacposition of any artist on this sliding scale. Only by extremes and contrasts we indicate the tendency of

In the grandest landscape there is a solemnity of feeling which makes us indifferent to the beanty of individual object. Hubbard's large picture at the Academy, has for us a charm quite independent of any material quality. It is not here or there, but per vades the entimerork. weep philanthropic tears over the Sables in hondage.

But his information, relative alike to the machinery of the painting of Hubbard seems to us feeble beside that of Church. We have abundant power on every people of the island, is copious, minute, and very in. hand to render the poblest visible traits. Bierstadt teresting.

From Kingston Mr. Trollope sailed to Cien Fuegos,
a small new town on the Southern coast of Cuba, created by the sugar trade, and devoted, of course, to
commerce." From Cien Fuegos he went to Havana. Geo. L. Brown in actual studies, Migra the slave sugar estates, on slavery, and at of Hubbard is a weaker body which carries a great considerable length on the fillbustering policy of Mr.

Buchanan. Of the slave owner in Cuba, he observes upward; that of Hubbard from above looking down that "he treats his slaves as beasts of burden, and so Gifford and Hubbard are alike stronger in the whole

to render their water, wood, and sky. It is not to be inferred that we measure Church Mignot, and Bierstadt, by any past achievements. To-

seemed to deepen, and his whole work to take a new

And yet you propose that they do make your family sere, indeed, oppended to it. The error arose from the fact that we were expecting an article from Mrs. Beach as the book (it having been forwarded to her by the publishers at comparison or principlar request), and that when the looked of Ms.

And yet you propose that they do make your flaws!

They do elect your rulers, and they do make your flaws, and the consequence is that New York is the world, and the world for striking subjects, threatens serious regions, the flirting is not only minocent and open, but to learn that, in those remote and ludicrons of genuine love and reverence. The habit of running regions, the flirting is not only minocent and open, but to learn that, in those remote and ludicrons of genuine love and reverence. The habit of running regions, the flirting is not only minocent and open, but to learn that, in those remote and ludicrons of genuine love and reverence. The habit of running regions, the flirting is not only minocent and open, but to learn that, in those remote and ludicrons of genuine love and reverence. The habit of running regions, the flirting is not only with the utmost shill, but with the utmost innocence also."

It is rether a sensation-picture this is indeed wonderful. But we are yet more action is the down of the admiration of the multitude, than a piece of this book relates to British Guinans.

The remainder of this book relates to British Guinans.

Central America, on World Whitmen's 'Laavm or all utmost skill, but with the utmost shill, but with the utmost innocence also."

This is indeed wonderful.

But we are yet more action the admiration of the multitude, than a piece of this book relates to British Guinans.

Central America, the Isthmus, and the Bermudas. We not make a molehill sublime, will make a mountain ridiculous.' Men of marked ability, like Church.

Central America is in the utmost skill, but with the utmost shill, but with the utmost skill, but with the utmost shill, but with the utmost skill, but with the

#### Chonghte and Chinge. BY ADA CLARE.

The illustrious prima-donna ADELAIDE CORTESI intro

duced a new tenor to the public on Monday evening last, and to the surprise of most people he proved to

in airs from heaven.

Consess is to my mind the perfection of prima-don-nas. All of the most effulgent gifts of Heaven have been heaped upon her in passionate profusion. A large, warm, speechlessly thrilling voice; a fiery force and inspiration; an intense dramatic vigor; personal magnetism; a vast intelligence and sensibility, together with the most superb beauty, go to make up this adorable artist, and to lift her to a height which

reduces mediocrity to despair.

Wherever this divine creature appears, she will be sure to draw after her a certain amount of actual wor-ship, which no force of reason, nor refinement of criticism, nor dictates of common sense, will ever avail genius which sweep stormily through you, revealing to you the depths of your own nature, even as the whirlwinds drive asunder the waters of the sea, till ron can almost see the dim sands beneath them. The highest type of genius always produces enthusiasm in the minds of those who sensate it. So one cannot thoroughly appreciate Cortesi without feeling a certain sentiment of intoxication.

Musiani has the best tenor voice I have heard in this Musiani has the test tenor voice i have nearth in country. I see the critics have sheltered themselves in pronouncing upon him behind that mysterious term of 'unequal.' I think he is as unequal as dramatic situation and music are unequal, but he is always largely equal to the occasion. He is the first tenor I ever heard who had what I call magnetic influence over an audience; they generally content themselves with having sweet voices and sweet faces. This one is equally admirable as artist, actor, and singer. It may long before New York will ever see his like again. The joint-efforts of these two grand artists moved the audience to an enthusiasm which shook the house

as with an earthquake of applause.

rapspired at the Winter Garden on Saturday last, it was the joint appearance of three unknown artists. It was as good as being a very little child again to see Madame Oliviera. She is an artist of the old fashion. perfect even to the corkwrew curls and the inevitable pocket-handkerchief. She has just the old-fa way of rounding her arms and finishing off all her effects with a flirt of the carefully-carried handkerchief. Not that she had no merits: some of her high notes are very good, and she is not devoid of intensity, but she has a way of flickering off her notes, which makes the technical term of execution unpleasantly analog

The baritone was of a reserved temper, determined to keep his songs strictly confidential, while the tenor was of the opposite school, and the order of his day was sonority.

Altogether these three performers s idea of having been sealed up in an air-tight bottle for ten years, and have been just drawn out from their harmony, a presence, a spirit, beyond.

All this is evident in portraiture, where we strive to confinement, in a state of the most perfect preserva-

> [For The New York Saturday Press ] TO A — B — M —.
> On Finding some Despondent Lines in his Journal.

Of he strong and dauntless-hearted. Falter never in the fight,

Walk by faith and not by sight. Clouds may gather thickly 'round the Dark may be fate's stormy sea, Still a beacon-light is shini

Prophet-star of hope for thee When some fond dream's morning brightness Fades in disappointment's night, Follow out thy heart's high promptings

God hath made thee brave and noble Fiends may sorely tempt thee tra-But forget not the good Giver. Be to Him and thyself true

They will lead thee to the light.

Nerve thee for each trying contest Nail thy colors to the mast They who fight for Truth, believe me

Must be conquerors at last When at length thy triumph winning Thou shalt lay thee down to rest, May our Father count thee, dear friend, Brightest 'mid His angel-blest.

LIZZIE PETIT

o! chide me not, exacting one. With smiling on the many Tis true I smile on others, dear

But love thee best of any. Be thou but high, be thou but true As eagle to the sun, I care not what fate bring to inc

So thy reward is won. Strong in the wrong, or in the right, ne star of mercy guide thee, To choose the better part in life

Whatever ill betide i And on the seed thy hand shall save God send the sun and dew

I give my smiles to others, dear.

But keep my prayers for you.

- In addition to the books acknowledged in anoth imn, we have received from the Mesars. Harper would be grateful to the Cubana, beneficial to human-ity, and presperous for the sugar-producing colonies and the trade of England; and he concludes the chap-ter by wishing-that it may speedily be reckoned among the annexations of the United States.

The Danesbury House, an English domestic novel, by under foot, and pass on to pure expression, first this struggle with color and form. The struggle cannot be ter by wishing-that it may speedily be reckoned among the annexations of the United States.

## Bramatic Feuilleton.

done your best to unmake.

All innovators, all persons of real genius,—in a word, all persons who think, or write, or act for themselves, quite irrespective of you or Mrs. Grundy,—you invariably carp at, and, when you dare or can, crucify,—though afterwards you make a great noise about them and build all kinds of hideous and unshapely monuments (made in your own image) to their memory.

The world is full-of such monuments,—monuments not to their honor, but to your diagrace, if you only had sense enough to see it.

had sense enough to see it.

Nevertheless, a large number of very good fellows, of both sexes, fawn upon you as if you were the great
All in All, and, with their favorite motto 'Success is
Success,' assume that whoever you happen to smile
upon at once becomes good, like Wild's Candy, 'not
for a day but for all time;' while, on the other hand,
whoever you turn your back upon, is at once and
forever rulned—which I notice is not always the case.

These good people make themselves as miserable about you as if you had an opinion of your own, and they can't see that this only makes you laugh in your sleeve to find how even quite clever fellows may be

what to do, and in three cases out of four your first

been treating Fabbri and Stigelli—in some respects the best singers we have had in New York for years—in best singers we have not in New Lors, for years—in the most shabby way possible, all because they hap-pened to be singing at the Winter Garden instead of at the Academy of Music, and you therefore assumed that they were not equal to Brignoli and Patti. I don't say that they were, because I hate comparisons, and because the whole four are very dear to me, as first class artists whose shoe-latchets you are not worthy to un-losse; but I do say that Fabbri and Stigelli gave, night atter night, a musical entertainment fit for the gods, and that you never went near them all the while, but

and that you never went near them an ite while, out treated them as if they were unhallowed interlopers. I don't forget, either, how barbarously you treated Speranza, to whom you never gave the slightest chance. General, you are a Snob.

Again: the other evening when I went to 'see Cortesi' (not, oh, Ada Clare! with a view to 'die' afterwards), I found you waiting outside to hear what was said of her by a few people whom you affect to despise as much as they really despise you. Accordingly the next night, those few having boldly

Accordingly the next night, those lew having boddy proclaimed that the Cortesi, in conjunction with her new and ut-terly irrepressible Tenor, had electrified the little gathering of auditors out of their senses, and made them how! with joy—which she did, or the Court doesn't know itself—you suddenly made your appearance, and when she and Musiani burst upon you in all their glory, brought your big hands together like slabs of marble, and cried hallelujah, or what not, by the ished artists under a cartload of vegetables.

General, you never made such a fool of yourself before in your life. And a sale make just such a fool of yourself over some wretched charlatan.

I have seen you do it a hundred times.

Now, has Cortesi or Musiani to thank you or your matellies.

They have only to thank their own wonderful geniu which you could no more resist—it being once brought to bear upon you—than those poor fellows out in Illinois, the other day, could resist the tornado.

And yet I read somewhere, last week, that the artists of the theatre and the opera were to be treated.

General, as your 'property.'
Your property, indeed!
As well say that our poets, our painters, our sculptors, our orators, our philosophers, are your property.
'No, Indian, no.' Make niggers, and politicians, and

though not to the same extreme, Brignoli, Stigelli, and Musiani. I thank God there is something in me that tells me at once that they are all great artists, and that whether they succeed or not in making. money, their very existence is a success compared with which gold (a power I never allow myself-to speak ir-

reverently of except as compared to genius) is dross.

I feel sure that the duo in the third act of R Polisi as aung on Monday evening by Cortesi and Musiani well as it was ever sung by anybody; and that tigelli and Fabbri rendered their rôles, last week, in Sugeri and rand in Nabuco, in a manner that would have brought even you to your senses, if you hadn't been steeped to the lips in Academic prejudice.

been steeped to the lips in Academic prejutice.

I heard these operas performed several times, and each time before such thin and such badly assorted houses, that the wonder was how the artists could sing at all. It almost seemed as if they were inspired by very lack of audience. A more touching spectacle I have rarely witnessed, than that brilliant little company laying out their utmost natisres upon a mere handful of people, composed chiefly of a class of people (German Jews, and such) the very sight of whom is enough to strike a sensitive person dumb. Chatham street, alia: furnishes anything but a fastive audience.

No offence, in all this, to the Simon-pure Israelites, who have produced so many superb singers as well as copposers, that one can almost forgive them all their incannesses.

A Lealth, then, to the 'Sweet Singers of Issual!'
And a double health to Cortesi, Patti, and Fabbri!
And, apropos, I wish to take back a word I said some
weeks ago of the personal appearance of Pabbri. I
judged her from the pertualis in Broadway, every one
of which ought, in the interest of art, to be suppressed; for although Fabbri is far from having that too
much coveted charm, regularity of fasture, there is

that in the play of her countenance, when it is animated by her rare genius, which makes it more fascinating than that of any other prima-donns I have seen; not excepting Cortesi, who, nevertheless, in her inspired moments, exhibits a degree of personal attraction (by no means confined, however, to her face) which fills all the belles in the Academy with enzy.

And, now, my much abused and multitudinous friend, having abused you for half an hour to the top o' my bent, let me say that when I go to the Theatre or to the Opers, I go quite as much to see you as to

while how Nixon ever got up such a gorgeous estab-lishment, and little dreaming that you and I, for whose particular benefit it was created, have got to pay for though not without grace.

I saw you also, old boy, at one of the Jefferson I saw you also, old boy, at ope of the Jefferson-Wood soirées, where you laughed so obstreperously that I thought elither the police should interfere, or the stern manager should adopt the Bowery-system of employing a corps of stout fellows to suppress all bois-terous hilarity, and do the superfluous hooting them-

To conclude, you appear to have been 'round get To conclude, you appear to have been 'round generally, this week, and, on the whole, to have had a good time of it, which shows, after all, you are not wanting in sense,—though you sull go to Hope Chapel and the Cooper Institute, and will stay away from the Winter Garden. However, to make up for this, you go to the Galeties, and to the Art Union; while last expense I saw you at McPuke's where you wonly replace. evening I saw you at McPyke's, where you went probe evening I saw you as acceyses, where you went prota-bly because it is the only Concert Room on Broadway, except White's, where you can get good liquor and cigars. At any rate, that's what took me there, though I was very glad to get back to Pfaff's, where I found the Bohemians and the Bohemiennes in full session and blast, doing their comic utmost to entertain a sion and blast, doing their comic utmost to entertain a freshly-arrived Bostonian, who evidently thought that if such things could be in Gotham without exciting anybody's special wonder, why, Gotham must be a very different place from Boston, which I rather guess

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

'THE REPRESENTATIVE ART.'

This is a great country. New York is the essence of it, combining Peoria-dom and several things besides. In New York the theatre flourishes like a green bay tree. 'True art is an expression in tangible ideas. Theatrical performances are an expression in tangible form of ideas. Hence the theatre is one of the fine arts. And it follows, as it flourishes to the greatest extent in New York, 'the hub of the universe,' that it is 'the representative art' of New York-America—the age, and the world. Q. E. D. This is th gist of an article in the Atlantic Monthly for June, ungist of an article in the Allantic Monthly for June, un-der the head above printed. As an attempt to elevate the French 'spectacle' into one of the Fine Arts, it is ingenious; but the logic is fallacious. "The theatre," says this essayist, "in its various forms represents the feeling of the time, so as Grecian and Gothic architec-ture and Italian painting have in their time done for their time, so as no pictures, no architecture, no statu-ary, can now do." The theatre represents the feeling of the time, does it? Then American time must have got ary, can now do." The theatre represents the feeling of the time, does it? Then American time must have got quite beyond respect for the eighth Commandment, for as near as I can learn, our plays are stolen bodily from French playwrights without acknowledgment. Why, the sentiment of such plays as 'Camille,' 'The Ro-mance of a Poor Young Man,' etc., is as foreign to the one sees this. The mere fact of their drawing crowd one sees this. The mere tack of their drawing crowden houses does not disprove it, for people would rather cry over a false sentiment than over a real distress. Outside of the Bowery, the genuine American drama languishes. In short, if popularity is the standard of centative '-ness, Negro minstrelsy is the highes representative '-ness, Negro minstrelsy is the highest kind of representative art. What is the reason that sculpture and painting could be 'representative' in past ages and have lost their virtue now? A little further on, our author tells us, "At the time when Gothic architects and Italian painters expressed the meaning of their own ages, there was nothing like-a real drama in existence, and the Roman theatre was never comparable to ours. The Greeks indeed had a stage which was an important element of their civilisation, and which took the character of their time, giving and receiving influence; but their stage was

when are executed; but what do we know except by dim tradition of Garrick, of Siddons, of Talma? and of what earthly value to us living are they dead? Had the essayest based his argument upon the worth of dramatic literature, he might have stood upon firmer ground, but in making the individuality of the sector the keystone of his fabric, he commits so palpable a blunder as to destroy his whole structure of 'the abunder as to destroy his whole structure of 'the theatre the representative art.' For wherein is the chief value of are as an expression of the meaning of the time! Not we much in the present as in the future. For our own purposes it is of small account to illustrate the character of our own age. We are the actors already on the stage. We are making history as we go. We have but to look around us and gather the lesson of the times without the intervention of illustrators. But to posterity, any illustration of the characteristics of this age will be of inestimable value. Take a case in point: On the walls of the recently must not be a mere shelf or goord at the top, but must illustrators. But to posterity, any illustration of the characteristics of this age will be of inestimable value. Take a case in point: On the walls of the recently exhumed palaces of Nineveh, are displayed incidents in the history of that people, minute in detail, and coroborating Scripture accounts. To whom are these illustrations of the greatest value—to those who made them, or to us to-day as evidence of the civilisation of a buried race, and of the verity of our Book of Faith! Beyond the applause of cotemporaries, the true artist has his dream of future fame. Look at Turner locking up his pictures—asking each year a higher price for them, and finally bequestifing them to the British nation. Why, if the verdict of to-day were a final one in literary matterns how would we stultify ourselves before posterity! Oreat would shrink to insignificance. The verdict upon authors is the result of the opinions of the wise in all ages—that upon actors, the opinions of the foolish in one generation.

Thus our neters,

Let Invested you, were all spirits, and Are methed him as in the thin as:

To the General Public.

My Dana General Public.

As in the Tempest, so in the Bowery or Broadway, they asser are: not except the public and material public and material public and multitudinous friend, having and multitudinous friend, having and multitudinous friend, having and multitudinous friend, have my the public and material public and material public and multitudinous friend, have my the public and multitudinous friend, having and multitudinous friend, having and multitudinous friend, have my to be not one an acceptance of the inspectation of the public and multitudinous friend, have my to be not one an acceptance of the public and multitudinous friend, have my to be not one an acceptance of the public and multitudinous friend, have my to be not one an acceptance of the public and multitudinous friend,

Peace, peace, peace, do you say?
What! with the enemy's guns in our ears?
With the country's wrong not rendered back?
What! while Austria stands at bay
In Mantua, and our Venice bears
The cursed flag of the yellow and black?

Peace, peace, peace, do you say?
And this the Mincio? Where's the fleet
And where's the sea? Are we all blind
Or mad with the blood shed yesterday,
Ignoring Italy under our feet,
And seeing things before, behind?

Peace, peace, peace, do you say?
What! uncontested, undenled?
Because we triumph, we succumb?
A pair of Emperors stand in the way,
(One of whom is a man, beside,)
To sign and seal our cannons dumb?

No, not Napoleon! he who mused At Paris, and at Milan spake, And at Solferino led the fight, Not he we trusted, honored, used Our hopes and hearts for . . till they break Even so, you tell us . . in his sight!

Peace, peace, is still your word?
We say you lie, then! that is plain;
There is no peace, and shall be none.
Our very dead would cry "Abund."
And clamor that they died in vain,
And whine to come back to the gun. VI.

Hush! more reverence for the Dead!
They'ev done the most for Italy
Evermore since the earth was fair.
Now would that we had died instead,
Still dreaming peace meant liberty,
And did not, could not, mean despa

Peace, you say? Yes, peace, in truth;
But such a peace as the ear can achieve
'Twixt the rifle's click and the rush of the ball,
'Twixt the tiger's spring and the crunch of the tooth,
'Twixt the dying stheist's negative
And God's Face ... waiting, after all,

[Written for the New York Saturday Press.] FRAGMENTS FROM THE TABLE OF AN INTELLECTUAL EPICURE.

Men are made of two stuffs, knowledge and humo as the ingredients of shells are lime and albumen; and as the quality of the shell, whether it be coarse and

complete the second of the best of them do, to the delight on, the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on, to the delight on, to the delight on, to the delight on, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight on the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of the set of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of the set of the set of them do, to the delight of the set of the

Rnskin says a vertical wall with a solemn frown of projection is the most sublime; but the projection must not be a mere shelf or scowl at the top, but must be carried down into the whole man, so that the ceilire wall shall threaten and frown Jupiter-like. A sum's learning should be precisely of this sept. It should be something more than a mere rim or cornice, generally put on the exterior in the most complement places, having no root in the main wall, and serving no other purpose than ornament; but it should be a part of himself; not a surface-appendage, but an organized power; reaching down to the whole be ly of his character, and bracing and strengthening him like an abstract.

More fistering to deduce the methetic standard to meet the stature of Gotham, than to elevate Gotham so as to reach the standard. But I question if it is as wholesome. Let us have done with this intense glorification of our chief American city, and admit at once that in artistic culture we are mere children compared to the intellectual centres of Europe. Because we have converted the products of a vast expanse of soil into cash in hand, is no reason why we should expect to buy a cultivated taste with our Spring vegetables, before breakfast. It will come in time.

Not, however, by efforts in the direction of this casay. Perhaps it is a waste of time to combat so purile a theory. A startling conclusion occurs to me. It may be that after all the whole casay is nothing but a colossal puff of Edwin Booth, the actor, "whose intellectual beauty," according to our author, "artist carve and paint, and fashion follows in the wake of intellect, alike acknowledging his merits." In that event, one can but admire the eleverness with which the puff direct has been clothed with glittering generalities, so as to plass muster in a high-toned Boston Bosines.

[From the ledspendent.]

FIRST NEWS FROM VILLAFRANCA.

BY ELHABSTH BARRETT EMOWING.

It is said of Humboldt, that going on one occasion

It is said of Humboldt, that going on one occasion

kind of mental freshet; 'thought and criticism come afterward, and are a secondary matter. It is said of Humboldt, that going on one occasion to make some scientific observations in a certain place, he was so ravished with the beauty of the scenery, that he forgot himself and came away without noting the desired facts. All good pictures produce precisely this effect, and unarm us for the moment from muti-lating them with our unholy criticism.

The biggest eyes by no means see the sharpest; in fact, they never see quite so sharp as your caim, middle-sized, deep-set eye. Their focal distance, somehow or other, is not well defined: they seem to diffuse the light instead of condensing, or drawing it to a point. So, I think, some people have so much feeling as not to feel keenly and intensely at all. All extremes are the same in their practical effects, and in this case, the very abundance clogs and dwarfs the expression. The curve of the arc is so little that it amounts almost to a straight line, and has no visible return. Agony and despair can be pushed so far that they become blank dumb-horror, with no reliefs or salient points to catch a feeling on. ient points to catch a feeling on.

I have a real liking for Locke notwithstanding It have a real fixing for Locke howstessanding his many faults. There is a good deal of light in him, with all his opacity. He is like the old-fashioned tin-lantern, which gives a shower and not a flood of light. Bright passages and stray beams dance on every page of his works. The fault seems to lie in his tempera-ment,—in some organic defect in the transmuting and ment,—in some organic defect in the transmuting an modifying substance. There is light enough in him but it is vitiated and split up by the organ that con

A fact serves a principle as a handle serves a blade :

By gings it character and a puspose, and enables one in more firmly and wield it with more success.

It is said that by means of a level, an undulatio may be detected in the ice on large bodies of water; but then you must stand upon the ground, with only one leg of the level on the ice, to perceive it. I pre-sume the same fluctuation could be detected in the sums the same moctuation could be described in ac-crust of the earth, if we had somewhere to stand one and of the level. We must have something more fixed and solid than the earth itself to measure by. This is the dilemma that so bothered Archimedes; he had not whereon to place his fulcrum. There are many things we might do if we only had a fulcrum.

Died, Agnes, wife of '—prythee, why
Was that fair reader's face so red?
Why, blushing, did she laugh and cry?
Was this her servow for the dead?

In vain that lady, as she knelt, Sought in her prayers to find restraint Unto the pleasure that she felt— The woman overcame the saint.

And long was midnight passed before Kind alumber acothed her aching head A ministure was kissed once more; Old tear-solled letters were re-read. New York, June 5, 1860.

> [For The New York Saturday Press.] 'LEAVES OF GRASS.'

something more than a more rim or cornice, generally put on the exterior in the most complexes, phaving no root in the main well, and serving no solar may of the posses of Walt Whitman, at first with astonishiness mingled with distrust; but as I re-read himself; not a surface-appendage, but an argument power; reaching down to the whole he by of his chamerator, and bracing and strengthening him like an abustness.

We are too prone to look upon God as we do upon the sky, as far removed from us, and more accounties from our common everyday level; whereas we are constantly and enconditionally embourant by Ein, live and more and have our being in Him; the beginning of mosther critic, this is "monstrous beginning dramater draining his mendow, or knowling to wood his garden, no less than the king on his though, or the beginning of worth, piles of the humb and whaper and his garden, no less than the king on his though, or the beginning of youth, quite of the humb and whaper and halo of an age of vivious prolification, untill the

Men new-days are coming to have no thought or opinion of their own. Like the publics in the brook, their insumet mingling and open and free communitations, have men all original marks and poculiar traits every, and the same dull type everywhere prevails. Mere cardinal renews, and less democratic tenders are all. Mere cardinal renews, and less democratic tenders with a shared power of in advantage of preserving the man more in a twelvement meet with a strongly-marked countries, and of being better adapted to the growth of individual chancter. In these times we hardly once in a twelvement meet with a strongly-marked countries, which have been deemed the most brutal and degrading of the man we pettern, and destitute of all titer and confusion of feature; and we as a rarely hear a new and pangent thought. We are becoming the occurredpilitan; core houses all look alike; it the pilits of our cities is as void of character and as unpleased by custom, those block of opinion, and pay rest for the privilege.

In the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry than the finest strain of music, in the most spacetry will be shocked to hear another express unqualified admiration for the human body and the human soil.

It is fined to the fine of the man the same flow of the first interest of the man the same flow of the first interest of the man more with a his of glays, by reacquising the chilibered there is no blesh of chance at cight of a nade force, and theremose without of maturity covered this incomes with a halo of givey, by reognising the divinity of humanity, and parentying the unity of all the functions of the human body, and the incritable seadon-cy to harmonic adjustment and chaptelies. As all of Islip, Long Island, June 5th, 1860.

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becourcy, I shall get no better as long as I stay here. I shall move to my old quarters at the Inn." Does the doctor advise it?"

No, he says it would be difficult, and perhaps dan-

Bah! if you don't wish to tell the reason, say so:

don't answer me as though I was a child. " Shall I tell you the reason ' will you excuse me

The doctor tells me that my mind is ill at ease; nd while that preys upon my body, nature cannot do

her work in quiet. Tell me what makes you so uneasy, if not too vast a secret, and I will cure it for you. I am famous for that, and am the confidante of all the children in the neighborhood."

color, said in a firm, but evidently constrained voice,

"You are the cause of my uneasiness," and then went on hurriedly, as though he dared not stop. "I see too much of you. I am too happy while you are see von at all! To see you as before, now that you know this, it were worse than folly in Jue to hope, therefore, Miss DeComey, I am going away. Excusme if I have annoyed you. I should never have told you this, had you not led me to it as unconsciously as you have been the cause." He looked splendidly manly, and resolute, as he lay back there before me, his head reclining upon the pillows, his face a trifle thin first finsh had left it. His beart needed all his blood to give him the strength to master the eager passion that glanced in his dark eyes.

"Mr. Carrol," I said, "I see no reason why yo should leave this house for the causes you have mentioned. What! do you think nothing of me in the uld miss you too much to have you go; stay and

"Oh if I dared, or could, Lucy," he said, seizh my hand with his and covering it with kisses; there are reasons that make me a coward and a knave to do as I am doing." "Tell them to me," I said calmly. I felt so certain

of him and of his love, that nothing could have weakened my faith in him. "I cannot tell them to you. They are family les

sons, and are such as would prevent your father of If I call my father in here now, will you state them before me, so that I, as a party somewhat in

erested, may judge them with him?"
Still clasping my hand, he drew me down and kiss

ne. "At least that once," he said.

I opened the door, and crossing the hall, found my
ther in the library, and said, "Father, Mr. Carrol

wishes to see you; he has something important to say I felt my face still glowing with Henry's kiss. My

father looked at it, and said archly, "I have been expecting he would; but from your looks, I should supe you had settled it without me."
O father!" I said, hiding my face upon his shoul

der, " he says there are family reasons which he must tell you, and which will prevent you from ever agree

Well, Mr. Carrol," said my father, entering his sick-room with me, "Lucy tells me yo saw in my Lucy's face when she came to call me. She says you have something further to say; what is it !"

Henry turned red, then white, and said, " It is the explanation who I am, sir. My name of Carrol is my other's. I never knew my father, nor what his name was. My mother-she died only a year ago-was as pure-souled, as high-minded and noble a woman, as God ever made. I am proud of being her son. I and which I should perform because I owed them. never learned the history of her wrong, -I never wanted to. When I became of age, she told me the story of my life, and said, as I should choose, she dients, seemed to destroy the flavor of my work who proofs of how he had deceived her through her love for him, or else burn his letters and let the secret die with her. I told her that I did not want to know my father's name; that, not knowing it, I felt she was ing him for the base cowardice with which he had that forms the daily wa snew she was as spotless and as pure as I knew that

ever passed between us. At her death, I found no records of her former life: I suppose she had destroyed served contempt you should treat the cowardice I have by my attempts to drive it away. ng here a moment after I was aware of my feelings. I offer no excuse, as I feel'I deserve your scorn. Do me the justice, however, to remember that I have told you what is the grief of my life; not treat my mother's memory with disrespect.

During the time he said all this, he did not look at though they were constructed of steel and iron. To either my father or myself, but kept his eyes fixed on such I do not address myself.

for you. Pasides, most likely if I had not seen you do that. I would have looked on coolly with the others and snewly you drown." Ladded smiling.

The perhaps, he said gravely, "it would have been of thinking well of his own father, do not suppose we feel no deep, genuine, and hearty sympathy with you. I shall consider as a trust to the spent as worthily as it was cherously saved."

The perhaps were produced with blows.

To me this tronble grew to be my grief in life. I could not shake it off. It hung around me like a bighting atmosphere, destroying all the healthy pleasure of my feel no deep, genuine, and hearty sympathy with you. If the spent as worthily as it was cherously saved."

Then that one this tronble grew to be my grief in life. I sould to hide it from fleary. It was subject to me that I was all my private grief, and that I should struggle with and conquer it alone. It was all a personal matter. In Henry's treatment of mothers, than the policy of the power of the powe

She could never quite understand how Henry could se almost a month, I went to his room arter the for had held a long consultation with him be so tender and so manly; so full of life and genius, Well, how does he report the sick member, to-

A contracted theological dogmatism always withers and destroys our Tuman sympathies. But the world has made great advances. Henry was only a surprise gerous, to move me. The ione if displaced now would and wonder to her. In the early days he would have probably set again."

Then why do you move?"

Because I have trespassed on your hospitality too "with their bigoted, bloody theocracy, did all Gentiles.

Henry now recovered fast, and in six months from the day I first saw him, and saved his life, we were married: I wore no engagement ring, I would take none from him. I told him Fdid not wish any further pledge of his love than his word or his kiss.

We were married by the clergyman in our village He was a good old man, the only trouble with him was that he had put off too entirely the man and put on the elergyman. No wonder then that he put the con-gregation to sleep when he undertook to preach to them, as man to man, the duties of human life. He had lived buried in his theological books, and what could a nature fed on such dry food know of the thoughts, the hopes, the needs of a fresh, living, beat-The old man's idea of a woman's ing, human heart ! life was as extended as, his ideas of the education she should have. Enough spelling to read a receipt, a lithere, and too wretched while you are away. And yet the writing as an accomplishment, and as much of how could I see you less? How could I live and not arithmetic as would enable her to reckon change corarithmetic as would enable her to reckon change cor-rectly. With this for her education, her life was of purse a total surrender of herself to her husband, who vas her natural protector, guide, master, and lord; her life was her duty and obedience to him. The decay of modern times, the old man traced to the new fas ed ideas of woman needing education, which only served, he said, to destroy her respect for these old ashioned wifely virtues.

We were married by this old man, and he took the

wife owed to her husband. The wedding-ring, he said as he placed upon my finger the heavy, plain, gold ring my husband had provided, was a symbol of how completely a wife's life should be encircled and contained on her duty to be bushand. This was the law of n her duty to ber husband. This was the law of acture and of God. To question it was wickedness Any promptings which did not tend to an unque her lord and master, could only be corn of sin, and ome from the father of lies, etc., etc. There was ove in marriage; the sweet instincts, the harmony, the that needs as little the enforcem luty, or areference to yows and obligations, to make man and wife whose souls are married, love and re-spect each other, and fill their lives with the sweet ncord of peace, as the earth in Spring requires a ntluence of the sun. Even as he put the ring pon my finger, it seemed as though a thrill, a cold hill ascended from it up my arm to my heart. The free and happy expansion of my loving heart seemed bound about and constrained with a metallic ring of luty. This feeling passed vaguely through my mind, but I repressed it and tried to force it away.

During our bridal tour I never looked upon my wed ding-ring but that same feeling seemed to press upon my heart. During that golden journey, however, it had no chance to take a strong hold upon me. Life was too fresh before me, and Henry, so tender, so lov-ing, was always at my side. We were too little in the world to feel anything like the repression of duty, convention, or law. We lived, sleeping or waking, in the happy land that two young and loving hearts form for

We came back to live in my native village, in a lit, A part of it I have expected and the house near my father's. Henry devoting himself to his profession, and I taking care of the house. Here the plain gold circle of my marriage-ring was alway before me, and the repressing sense of duty it always brought up to my mind, seemed to throw a chill and damp over the most ordinary household tasks, chang ing them from free, spontaneous, and delightful proof of loving care, into obligations required by my duty

If I set out to make a cake for tea, that ring as would tell me who my father was; would give me the it was done. It had no taste of love to make it pleas

And so this wedding-ring came to run through all my life, and circled every daily little act I did; not a doubly my mother; that I should feel more like kill- a golden thread running in and out of the dull stuf ing him for the tase constitue with the constituent of the tase that the constituent of the constituent she was innocent and good; that life was the rich gift colors, to bring them into contrast and relief while i of a good God, however it may be received; and that beautified the whole texture; but as a hard unyielding I only trusted I should return mine to im Creator as free from sin as hers.

beautified the whole texture; but as a hard unyielding ring lying about my life, repressing all exuberance, and never ceasing to call upon me to fill up to the full its Further than this no conversation on the subject
pussed between us. At her death, I found no
foolish fancy; perhaps it was absurd for me to dwell her former life: I suppose she had destroyed
Knowing, however, this fact, which the
that point. I often felt thus, and would reason thus with world would consider such a stain upon my life, unyself, but still the next sight of the golden wedding though God spreads His nature as beautiful to me as to orn, I cannot but feel with what de the feeling would seem to have been only strengthened

From people who have a nervous tempera my own, I can expect if not sympathy, at least a comprehension of the state of mind I was in. There ar for myself, but as it gives the world a fancied right to sensibility than the fire that sets a steam machine in motion, and whose bodies work as mechanically

the bed-clothes before him.

Well. Lucy, what do you say?" asked my father.

"It is to be hoped that Mr. Gilchrist has become power of the bed-clothes before him.

Who of us can account to ourselves either for our physical or mental antipathics? They work upon us my seems to me, sir, that he does not in this matter think of me in the least. I never asked him who his father was.

"That is also my opinion," said my father, "and I am about us every day. The man who dies by will leave you to settle that dispute together."

Henry looked up as though he could not believe his been killed by a cannon ball. The princess who was made all black and blue by sleeping upon a crumpled scarce as the original.

"Mr. Carrol," said my father holding out his hand rose leaf, suffered no less pain than if the effect had

From that condition let us rost, "I said, "and talk in notifying after you somewhat. Now that you are unable to move, and confined to your sick room, I shall take the liberty of looking after you somewhat. Now that you are unable to move, and confined to your sick room, I shall take the liberty of looking a womanly advantage over you, and make you feel your manly inferiority. Confess it is but fair. We women have only the occasional sick room, you men have the root of life to redained an "I led him t. tilk on various topics, and found that he was a landscape-painter. He was the only fresh; genuine young man I had ever met. His society had to me almost the charm of a revelation. He rame out from the world, and yet I found him a companion for me in the realms of art, poetry, and thought, where I had been accustomed to walk only with looks. He possessed also the-further charm of his experience of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world had he well, I always held out to meaning the charm of his experience of the world, and I found that it had not blighted him. Of the world had not rever end always gold to see me, and worty to fixe me when he had been and the world had not been in the should be well, I always held out to make the him for He was not him for He was and the world had not been in the him for He was not him for He was an other your shown on the him for He world and the him for He world, and I found that it had not blighted him. F

admired and delighted in, seem now to live your life as though you were a caged bird. You seem to walk through the daily routine of our mutual tasks as though you were in a treadmill, not daring to even "Not much better," he said. "The fact is, Miss feeling to him in any other way than by treating him courcy, I shall get no better as long as I stay here." with the most marked but reserved politeness.

"It has." I said. "Henry, why is it so ! I had formed the habit of pulling and working my wedding-ring while I was thinking, as though I would pull it off. I did so now unconsciously. We had come upon the bridge where we had first met each other, and I stood looking over into the water, he with his eyes fixed upon my face. "You pull and twist at your wedding-ring," he said.

as though you would pull it off. "And so I gladly would." I said.

hear you say that, now while my own heart is burst ing with excess of love for you. O! even to the plucking off of that wedding-ring of yours, I would do it with my own hand, if it could make you free and happy again.

I held out my hand to him, offering the finger up which was the wedding-ring. It seemed to bind me tighter than ever. It seemed to lie like a band around my heart, preventing me from crying and telling him how he misunderstood me. He took the ring off from my finger and kissed my hand. I looked into his face. May I never see again in any human face so infinite a sadness. As the wedding-ring left my finger my heart seemed to recover its freedom and elasticity. The cloud cleared up from about me I seemed again to walk and breathe the light and glorious atmosphere of love and liberty. My love seemed all my own again, to offer freely. There on the bridge I opened my arms to embrace and kiss him.

"Sec." he said, not noticing my gesture, "though you reject it, I will put this wedding-ring upon my own finger, and wear it there forever."

It flashed through my-mind that if he once did so, the sad and dreary state I had just escaped from, would fall upon him. I snatched the wedding-ring out of his hand, and flung it in the water. "There," said I,
"let the hated thing perish forever from fetween us!
Henry, dear Henry! let the infinite, the divine love between us be bounded and constrained by the small circle of no wedding-rings. Let no narrowing sense of duty or of obligation circumscribe and Ham our union. We want no sanction for our love except its infiniteness and divinthat lies forever warm upon our lips, and the mem of the souls we have seen in each other's eyes. O Henry, I cannot tell you how that hated little circle of gold life, and changing all its love, its overflowing love to you, to a belittling sense of duty. I cannot tell you how that darkening cloud seemed to gather and thicken round me. How its withering influence seemed to change every free-offering of my love, into the mean payment of a debt I owed. How sad it made my life to feel that I was losing all the sweet unconsciousness of love, because I could not see that wedding-ring upon my finger and not be forced to apply the little of duty and obedience to the devotion which is the natural expression of my love."
"And has my dear Lucy suffered all this and not

told it to me? How can you pardon me that I was ac stand you just now?"

"But now," I said, "the trouble is all gone; we never shall have again a calculation of the duties which we owe each other."

" No," said Henry, " let us leave the of infinity to the fools who try to blot out the light of the sun by holding up their farthing candles to the

From that day to this, no cloud has ever for a day obscured the light of love which makes our lives, my we ever thought of replacing our lost wedding-ring.

> For The New York Saturday Press. A QUAKER FIP.

Gold and silver I cannot boast, For I am one of a numerous host On whom the favoring smile She has always mildly left me alone;

I haven't an uncle troubled with gout And gold, and who beyond a doubt Thinks well of me, and when just out Of stuff for respiration, Will do that which is fair and square, I. e. : give kindly to my care About. Truth bids me here declare And yet, and yet my riches are

All coined of expectation. You wonder how these things can be. I'll tell you how, if you'll promise me It shall no further go; I've kept the secret safe in my heart, And not the very slightest part

Does anybody know. Tis thus: Without a cent of my own, With hardly a hope of having one, I'm wealthy and content!

For-hold your ear close down to my lip Somebody owes me a 'Quaker fip,' And the debt's worth a hundred per cent. ! D. J. Topp. Elmira, N. Y.

- Mr. Gilchrist, author of a sympathizing and in telligent biography of the painter, Wm. Etty, announces a memoir of the 'Inspired Artist,' William Blake LONGINGS FOR HOME

South!

k mettle, rich blood, impulse, and love! Good and evil! O all dear to me!

to me my birth-things—All moving things, and the trees where I was born—the grains.

and evil! ( to me my and the tree plants, river and the trees where I was born the grains, plants, rivers; to me my own slow sluggish rivers where they flow, distant, over flats of silvery sands, or, through swamps.

flow, distant, over flats of silvery sands, or, through swamps, ear to me the Roanoke, the Savannah, the Altamahaw, the Pelec, the Tombigbee, the Santee, the Coosa, and the Sabine; pensive, far away wandering, I return with my Soul to haunt their banks again, gain in Florida I float on transparent lakes—I float on the Okeecholee—I cross the hummock land, or through pleasant openings, or dense forests, see the parrots in the woods—I see the papaw tree and the blossoming titi; gain, sailing in my coaster, on deck, I coast off Georgia—I coast up the Carolinas, see where the live-coak is growing—I see where the yellow-pine, the scented bay-tree, the lemon and orange, the typess, the graceful palmetto:

pass rude sea-headiands and enter Pamlico Sound through an inlet, and dart my vision inland, the cotton plant! the growing fields of rice, sugar, been?

hemp!

actus, guarded with thorns—the laurel-tree,
with large white flowers,
ange afar—the richness and barrenness—the old
woods charged with mistletoe and trailing moss,
sincy odor and the gloom—the awful natural
stillness (Here in these dense swamps the free-lessoter carries his gun, and the fugitive slave has
his concealed but);
e strange fascination of these half-known, halftimposible swamps, infested by rectiles, resound-

strange ras-mation of these half-known, half-impassible swamps, infested by reptiles, resound-ing with the bellow of the alligator, the sad-noises of the night-owl and the wild-cat, and the whirr of the rattlesnake; mockingbird, the American mimic, singing all the forenoon—singing through the moon-lit-night.

night, ummingbird, the wild-turkey, the raccoon, the

oposaun; nessee corn-field—the tall, graceful, long-leaved corn—slender, flapping, bright green, with tas-sels—with beautiful ears, each well-sheathed in

its husk, a Arkansas prairie—a sleeping lake, or still bayou; my heart! O tender and herce pangs -I can stand them not -I will depart; to be a Virginian, where I grew up! O to be a Carolinian! Carolinian!
l longings irrepressible! O I will go back to old Tennessee, and never wander more!

— Laws of Grass.

[From . Monus." POCKET - COMPANION FOR MEMBERS OF

Delicated to the Individual Society owes its existence to the individual. The individual, by his very existence, necessitates

society.

The position of the individual towards society is anomalous; while he is its creator, he is, at the same time, its slave.

The individual is an atom of society - a drop in the

Society is divided into two classes—society at large. society is divined into two classes—society at large, and society at small.

Society at large is what is generally termed 'Society.'

Society at small is each individual who has forfeited his natural right to membership in society at large.

How does an individual forfeit his natural right to make wear-heading.'

Thus: 'Certain laws, customs, maxims, and notions (particularly notions) regulate society—hence every individual must regulate himself by these same laws, customs, maxims, and notions (particularly notions) otherwise he will be anatomically 'kicked out of society at large into his own delectable company—which, of course, constitutes society at small. Society, at large never recognizes society at small. There is a great gulf between the two, which no bridge of pity on the one hand (the right), or of repentance on the other (the left), can span. We fear society at small is at present—larger than society at large.

But why do not those expelled from the first society coalesce and form a new, opposition party!

But why do not those expelled from the first society coalesce and form a new, opposition party!

Simply because they cannot. Their pride prevents them-from owning their diagrace—even to one another. So each one buries himself in his own thoughts and does what he likes. O, individual member of society at larce, sex "hat a feerful sloops awaits you, if you venwould save you from this impending crisis; therefore have we compiled those few useful oracles. Read and ponder!

For Gentlemen

.- Having your boots blacked in the public street

1. Having your core or parks.
2. Neglecting to offer a lady your seat in a car or omnibus, even though you be exceedingly tired your-self or feel Indisposed.
3. Appearing in public without gloves.
4. Wearing your hair and beard to your own laste, instead of submitting to that of society's law-giver-

opinion.

6. Inability to take hints concerning presents, inviations to the opera, theatre, balls, drives, skating and

lations to the opening plant is a considered and a consid 8. Endeavoring to be equally polite to everybody

Discriminate.)

9. Hesitation in pronouncing every lady's voice the finest you have ever heard!"

For Ladies.

VERY SHOCKING THINGS TO DO OR SAY.

o see perfection in any female—besides yourself o dislike gentlemen—particularly "young min 3. To remember anything said in the sermon not to remember how ridiculous Miss Pokernose I "in that horrid fright of a bonnet—parading the broad aisie!"

4. To own that you never had a beau . To thank a gentlen on, when you enter a crowded car.

6. To admit that you ever cared for a person whose

tention has ceased.
7. To talk common sense with your company
8. To seem acquainted with common-place

9. To say that you know what a broom or duster is.

10. Not to use the most astonishing superlative ex-eletives in your most trivial conversation.

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Prest Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9, 57, 233, Second July 8, 58, 50
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